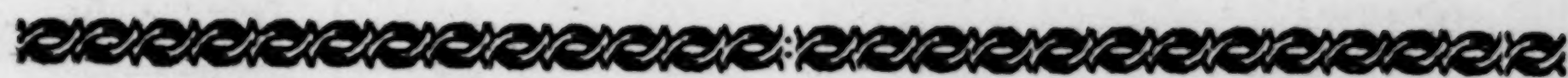
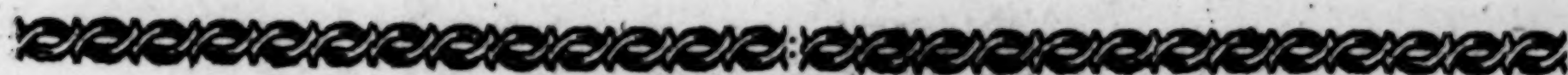


1601 / 639.



THE
CONCILIAD:
OR THE
TRIUMPH OF PATRIOTISM.



[Price One Shilling.]

1601/639.

COLLECTION

TRINITY COLLEGE



THE
CONCILIAD:
OR THE
TRIUMPH OF PATRIOTISM.
A
POEM.

Translated from the LATIN
OF
TERTIUS QUARTUS QUINTUS.
THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:
Printed for J. PRIDDEN, at the *Feathers* in *Fleet-street*, near *Fleet-bridge*.
M D C C L X I.

COLLIERIES

THE

OF

THE

LONDON





T H E
C O N C I L I A D.



N days of yore, ev'n in this cold, dull, clime,
Our Poets were inspir'd with more than
rhime ;

In a rich Poem, for a shilling bought,
You'd have, at least, a pennyworth of thought.
But, in this glorious, this Augustine, age,
We're grown so mighty, and so wond'rous sage ;
Our Genius is so militar'ly dull,
His sword so flaming, and so thick his scull,
That scarce a page, from trajedy to farce,
Deserves to wipe an Ancient Poet's a——

—— What ! we no poets ? sure the man is mad :

I'll name a score will make thy heart full glad.

There's Whitehead, Mason, Gray, Fauks, Churchel, Scot,

With many more, whose names I have forgot.

—— No matter, friend, forget them as you please ;

Posterity will do as much by these.

WHITEHEAD, I own, deserves the highest praise,

For this plain reason — Sir, he wears the bays ;

And all the world, from history, can tell,

That English Laureates always sung full well.

MASON might once assert a poet's claim ;

But he must needs write Odes, and blast his fame.

GRAY sung a tuneful song on Colin's shrine,

And all his works in print look wond'rous fine ;

But then alas ! he fell and broke his reed,

To future Bards, a mighty loss indeed !

Fauks

FAUKS — him the Muses now no more controul :

He's happy, if he can but save a soul.

His Bible-cuts deserve the greatest praise.

'Tis sweet to drive to Heaven in a chaise !

If Christ, upon the cross, for drink should call,

C——I would reach him vinegar and gall.

Romane and Whitfield-like, in pious rhyme,

He damns the play'rs some years before their time.

Scot in the clouds might strum a David's harp ;

But then, alas ! his nose is horrid sharp.

The man has fancy, may have been at school ;

And yet a Coxcomb needs must be a fool.

Of these enough. Raptur'd I tune my lyre,

To nobler themes, and with poetic fire

The Epic Muse prepares, in lofty strains

To sing, and humble song, and bards disdain.

The

The Galls were now subdu'd, their fleets destroy'd,
 And Roman arms with glut of conquest cloy'd,
 When Cæsar, even to Barbarians kind,
 In pity of their woes, to peace inclin'd.

Fathers, he said, ye are conven'd thus late
 On things of much importance to the state.
 Thanks to the Gods! and to your counsels wise,
 Success hath crown'd my ev'ry enterprize;
 And now it seems as if the Fates decreed
 That the perfidious Gall no more should bleed.
 Suppliant he comes, the harbinger of peace,
 Imploring, that hostilities may cease.
 Witness Eternal Jove! I know no charms
 In devastation, and the din of arms.
 I feel for ev'ry mortal that's oppress'd,
 And wish that all mankind with peace were blest.

Admit

Admit the suppliant Gall " ——— The Gall advanc'd

Cringing and scraping as he walk'd — or danc'd.

Blithe was his aspect, affable and spruce ;

He fill'd the atmosphere with *eau-de-Luce*.

His hands describ'd large circles in the air :

In this, a scroll, in that, a *tabatiere*.

The scroll contain'd, of future peace the plan :

He cut a caper, and he thus began.

Gallia's great king his royal greeting sends,

And asks to number Cæsar 'mongst his friends.

His pious soul, oppress'd with human woes,

Resolves to give the harass'd world repose

Content if to V— — he might retire

And cook his jellies o'er his kitchen fire,

In which great art his social friends can tell

How much the king doth all his cooks excell.

B

Besides,

Besides, he longs to kiss his P— — —;

Saving your presence, L— — keeps a whore.

But now, so far from having time to kiss,

You scarce allow the Monarch time to p—.

Thy conqu'ring arms, great Cæsar, straight recall,

And to a brimstone's arms resign the Call.

Our humble terms I make no doubt will please;

I have them on this scroll, and they are these.

First, we expect the Romans will restore

All those dominions we possess'd before:

Dominions by inheritance our own,

Which, lawless, they have ravish'd from our crown.

Next, for our present comfort and relief,

They shall transport a cargo of roast-beef.

Besides an annual tribute they shall pay

Of one good Sir Loin ev'ry Christmas day.

Moreover,

Moreover, they shall wear upon their backs,
 Fixt to their heads, black filken Gallic sacks.
 Also their females, if politely bred,
 Upon each cheek shall wear a badge of red :
 And hence no Roman, none but Galls shall dare
 To clip and frizzle frazzle all their hair ;
 Between their ruby lips to thrust a file,
 And, whilst they suffer torture, make them smile.
 Galls, none but Galls, in this and future ages,
 Shall dare to skip and caper on their stages.
 These are our terms, if Cæsar be our friend,
 His hostages, *as usual*, he may send.

Cæsar, surpris'd, with just resentment fir'd,
 Deign'd no reply, rose up, frown'd, and retir'd.

The Council rose, bow'd to his sweeping train,
 Shook their wise heads, and so sat down again,

They humm'd and ha'd ; but yet no Roman spoke.
 Th'impatient Gall the painful silence broke ;
 For to the magpie-Gall, or old or young,
 'Tis torture to be forc'd to hold his tongue.

Cæsar retires offended : be it so ;
 No matter, since we politicians know,
 That of all kingdoms 'tis the happy fate
 To be controll'd by Ministers of State.
 Therefore to you, great Council, I address
 My terms, and from your wisdom hope success.
 And now behold, to all his noble friends
 The Presents which the king my master sends.
 For G— — here's a bottle of the best
 That ever lull'd an honest soul to rest.
 N— — —, with great care, I've brought for you,
 Hot, very hot, an exquisite ragout.

For

For B— — here's *de St. Louis le Croix*,
Un grand bonheur, mon Cher, en croyez moi.
 And knowing that, alas! thou art but poor
 Our Monarch sends thee too a *Louis-d'or*.
 To A— —, whom the Gallic king regards,
 I bring, a noble gift, three packs of cards.
 H— — I've naught for thee, upon my life;
 But here's a liver for thy poor, poor, wife.
 Great patriot P—.

Hold, hold, the patriot cried,
 Take back thy gifts; full often I've been try'd,
 And all the world, th' admiring world, can tell,
 I ne'er receiv'd the worth of a nutshell.

To whom the Gall: Thy virtues stand confes'd:
 Of lucre thou hast nobly born the test;

But thou shalt take this box, so light, so pretty,
 It holds the freedom of our ancient city :
 And, to prevent what envious tongues might say,
 The box is only *papier maché*.

Well then, the patriot said, since 'tis not gold,
 And not the price of my dear country sold,
 They cannot say I took it for the pelf :
 It just compleats the number on my shelf.

Thanks to the Gods ! exclaim'd the raptur'd Gall,
 The king hath hit the gusto of you all.
 Adieu, my friends, the matter now debate :
 Weigh well the cause before it be too late ;
 For, if your patriot phrensy ye pursue,
 Your fatal deeds the child unborn shall rue.
 Saint Denis, lately, in a vision, told
 Our Monarch, that he should not want for gold ;

That

That Jove, as into Danae's lap of yore,

Would shower into the lap of P— — —.

For Jove hath no averfion to a whore.

By Styx he fware, if ye prolong the war,

Rather than fail, he'd clip and coin a ftar ;

He'd build us fhips of clouds, (nay never wonder)

And arm them too with lightning and with thunder.

By Jove 'tis true, how ftange foe'er it feems,

All this he dreamt, for L— — often dreams.

His fpeech thus ended, now the Gall withdrew,

Swearing once more, by Gallic faith, 'twas true :

And now, departing with politeft airs,

He tript and tumbled neck and heels down ftairs.

So, from the rapid chariot of the fun,

In ancient times, th' adventrous Phaeton

Fell

[16]

Fell from the skies into these realms below,
And whirling headlong plung'd into the Po.

END of the FIRST BOOK.



BOOK



B O O K II.



O M E forty years have past, or somewhat
more,

Since (days of blifs, lamented days of yore!)

Constant and early, each returning morn,
To school I travel'd thro' the spangled corn.
Blithe was my heart, as birds which hail'd the day:
Chearful I fung, or whistled, on my way.
A leathern satchel 'cross my back I bore:
Ah! days of peace, fled to return no more!

In those blest times of innocence and youth,
When truth seem'd fabulous and fable truth,
I well remember that old Homer fung
Of great commotions whilst the world was young.

The Grecian chiefs together by the ears,
 And Troy exhausted after nine long years
 Of bloody fruitless war, Olympian Jove
 Conven'd to council all the gods above.
 They ponder, whether now the war should cease,
 And Greek and Trojan bands unite in peace ;
 Or whether still, augmenting human woes,
 To let both Gods and men return to blows.

So the sage council of imperial Rome
 Weigh'd peace and war, and great events to come.
 First G— — spake : The world must needs confess,
 I've steer'd the helm of council with success ;
 And upon record 'twill for ever stand
 That, once, three days and nights I rul'd this land.
 With our late Monarch to the wars I went
 And hither tidings of a vict'ry sent,
 Wrote on the bearer's back, without a tent.

}

We

We flew, that day, a thousand Gallic beaus,
 And took a thousand more in filken hose,
 With all their stock of gold and silver clothes. }
 Hence, of this council, I am proud to boast
 That I alone have seen the Gallic host ;
 And hence may be presum'd, that I alone
 Am qualified to say what should be done.
 Ye all have heard, for sure ye all have ears,
 What Gallia's Envoy said to raise our fears :
 That Jupiter had, in a vision, told
 His dreaming king, he ne'er should want for gold ;
 What to dame Danae he had done before
 He meant to do again with P— — —.
 He added also, If I do not blunder,
 That Jove had promis'd ships of clouds, and thunder.

Romans and fellow-counsellors ! I pray,
 Attend to what my learning bids me say ;

For, in my shelved garret ye may find,
 In leaving school, I left no books behind.
 The Grecian bard, whom most of all I love,
 Informs mankind, that dreams proceed from Jove.
 A dream why may not Jove, if Gallia's friend,
 To L— —, as to Agamemnon, send?
 If Jupiter resolves, for Gallia's sake,
 To spend as much as P— — — will take,
 That Gallia's king should triumph, where's the wonder
 And if he means to fight us with his thunder,
 In spite of all our strength, we must knock under. }
 For Gods to fight with men is nothing new;
 So Homer sung, and Homer's song was true.
 He said, and they suspected no disguise;
 For well they know, that G— — never lies.
 To him, N— — — thus: The Gods can tell,
 Or peace, or war, I wish my country well.

If

If ye should doubt my learning, ask not me,
But yonder learned University.

Tho' feats of war, per chance, I may not boast,
The world will own, that I'm a gen'rous host.
That in my country's cause, both night and day,
I've feasted all my substance quite away.

I wish the war might end: As I'am a sinner,
I should rejoice to give our foes a dinner.

Then A— — 'rose: I neither know to speak
In oratorial style, nor construe Greek;
But this I know, no thunder from the skies
Will ever frighten honest DAMN-MY-EYES.
Ev'n I myself should much rejoice to meet
Vice-Adm'ral Jupiter's celestial fleet.
I'd hold him five to four I'd drub him well,
And quickly send his heav'nly ships to hell.

But I advise a peace: 'twere death to go,
And lose an evening at the portico.

Now B— — spake: 'Tis obvious to you all,
That I'm esteem'd a valiant General;
Else whence this cross presented by the Gall?

}

But future annals amply will relate
The battles I have fought to serve the state:
Yet I confess, I dread the foes above;
For even I am not a match for Jove.
Alas! the days are past of Roman glory:
A shocking figure we shall make in story!
All our vast conquests we must now restore
To the great Thunderer, and P— — —.

But let's enquire, before it be too late,
Whose ministry hath thus reduc'd the state?
There sits the man, whose vanity may boast
That he alone, of late, hath rul'd the roast.

Each

Each frantic Roman city, with a pox,
 Must needs present a paultry butter-box.
 But better never came of patriot cant ;
 Mere froth and Ciceronian Senate-rant.
 'Twas a vile trick to gull the gaping crowd,
 With plans of frugal schemes, and prating loud ;
 And, after all his cant, to squander more
 Than Minister had ever done before :
 To swear, that not a man, with his consent,
 Should ever to Germania's plains be sent.
 How he hath kept his word, I need not tell ;
 Our ruin'd legions speak the truth too well :
 And all to save a paultry spot of ground,
 Whose value scarce amounts to fifty pound.
 I swear, the guilty man, whoe'er he be,
 Deserves no better than the pillory.

Up-rising

Up-rising slow, one hand upon his breast,
 Great Patriot P—— the council thus addrest.
 Th'immortal rulers of the radiant sky,
 Who read the hearts of men, will testify,
 That I would spill each vital drop of blood
 To serve my king, if for my country's good.
 When lately she'd receiv'd a deadly wound,
 And, in sad plight, lay weltring on the ground,
 'Twas I that rais'd her on the martial plain,
 Clapt her broad back, and bade her fight again.
 So when between the trees a wolf appears,
 The trembling flocks are scatter'd by their fears,
 Untill the shepherd, rousing from his sleep,
 Starts up, and re-collects the scatter'd sheep.

Lives there a Roman who'll refuse to own
 That I alone have rais'd th'Imperial crown

From

From just contempt, and that alone to me
 Must be ascrib'd our late prosperity?
 O dastard Romans! if, within your veins,
 A single drop of Roman blood remains,
 Pursue a war, so glorious and so just,
 And crush the proud perfidious Gall to dust!
 If Jove, or any god in all the skies,
 Concludes a treaty with our enemies,
 We'll send a fleet shall batter heav'ns high wall,
 And force an answer categorical.
 His ships and thunder are an arrant jest:
 Let's try if Jove or we can thunder best.

He said, and fate. Grave H— — thus replied:
 Of thy integrity I'm satisfied.
 To thee alone our conquests are ascrib'd,
 And I believe, thou never hast been brib'd.

D

Of

Of thy great zeal we've had sufficient proof,
 And for thy country thou hast done enough.
 Man is but man: it plainly now appears,
 That thou'rt enfeebl'd by increas'ing years.
 Thy brain's on fire; thou talk'st of scaling heav'n:
 No stronger proof of madness need be giv'n.
 Hence 'tis our duty, ere it be too late,
 To take thy burthen, and secure the state.
 But, lest thou shou'dst complain of usage hard,
 Thy services shall have their due reward.
 I'm authoriz'd to say, thou shalt enjoy
 ONE THOUSAND POUNDS a year, thou and thy boy.

To whom thus P—, inflam'd with noble rage:
 Ungrateful country! O degen'rate age!
 I who have dreamt of naught but public weal;
 Whose very breath was patriotic zeal;

I who

I who have disregarded smiles or frowns ;
 I who am free of such a heap of towns :
 Shall I, in time of need, desert them all,
 And unconcern'd behold my country fall ?
 Forbid it Heav'n ! As in my actions past,
 Ye still shall find me patriot to the last."

Thus H— — : If One thousand will not do,
 Patriot, thy yearly pension shall be T W O.

The patriot thus : No ! I despise your offers ;
 I can be satisfied with empty coffers.
 Th' admiring world can tell (for I'm no glutton)
 That I can dine upon a leg of mutton :
 And, if great Cæsar should presume to scold,
 I'll advertise my horses to be fold.

He said, and H— — thus : O matchless pride !
 But 'tis resolv'd, thou shalt be satisfied.

Thou

Thou shalt receive, from all deductions clear,

Thou and thy Boy, THREE THOUSAND POUNDS a year.

The Patriot 'rose : From all deductions clear,

Didst thou not say, Three thousand pounds a year ?

'Tis done. I take the boon. The world's a farce,

And so my COUNTRY now may kiss my a—.

So pious Joan of Arc * had long withstood

Balaam's lewd ass, for her dear country's good,

Untill, at length, the beast displays his charms :

Temptation grows too strong ; her bosom warms ;

And now he sinks into her willing arms.

And, if great Caesar's blood to lose
I'll advertise my horses to be sold.

He said, and I— — thus : O matchless bride !

But the reward, thou shalt be paid.

* See Voltaire's Pucelle. Book XXIV.

